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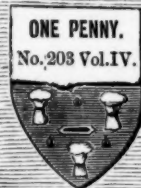


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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 203.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 3 OCTOBER, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XII.—SCODGER AND HIS SWEETHEART.

(A BLACKPOOL SKETCH.)

ABOUT a week after the events recorded in our last number, young Scodger sat in a despondent attitude before a rickety old table which, together with a dilapidated three-legged stool, formed the principal ornaments of our hero's rather limited apartment. His ponderous red head reposed upon his long, bony arms, whilst occasionally he pressed his hands to his temples, as though to clear away the mist which seemed to envelope the brain of our esteemed though persecuted friend. He was, in fact, thinking out a scheme of vengeance deep and dire—a scheme which should, in Scodger's own words, "squash his enemies," and by that means reinstate him in the good graces of his village friends, who were rather inclined to look down upon him since his ignominious demeanour before the "ghost" of the poor murdered pedlar. Gentler thoughts flowing through the poetic soul of Scodger than the dark ones of revenge which had so long troubled his otherwise calm existence, he softly soliloquised—

"To be, or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

No!—retribution was his due, and, as no mercy had been shown to him, neither would he bestow any upon those who had subjected him to public ridicule by playing upon him "a mean, contemptible trick," such as no gentleman could allow to pass without in some way retrieving his sullied honour. By his side lay a sheet of foolscap, upon which he intended to draw out an elaborate plan of action, in order that the punishment which he had in store for the young bloods of the "Dancing Demon," where so many boyish conspiracies had been hatched and carried into execution, to their great delight, and to the grave displeasure of an unappreciative public who had the hardihood to assert that "them lads wur gradely devils, so they wur," and deserved to be subjected to "all the ills that flesh is heir to." After a time, Scodger commenced to write rapidly, and, judging from the gratified smile which ever and anon flitted over his speaking countenance, it would seem that he had been inspired with an idea which would suit the object he had in view. But it must not be supposed that Scodger intended to carry out his plot at once—nothing of the kind—he was merely maturing his plan of action ere taking his "girl" to Blackpool upon the occasion of a trip which was to take place the following Saturday. Such being the case, he carefully folded up the precious piece of foolscap above mentioned, and locked it up in his box, and then sought his chamber, to enjoy that sweet slumber which is the just reward of exhausted nature.

Saturday came in due course, and with it also appeared Scodger and the fair young creature upon whom he had bestowed the fond affection of his true young loving heart. A nice lover, indeed, was Scodger, as most of the pretty girls of our village could amply testify; so that the enlightened readers of the *Jackdaw* cannot be much surprised when I tell them that he had broken as many hearts as the most dandified beau who ever lisped in the presence of his lady love. Where Scodger went, his sweetheart, you may be sure, went too. To have seen them none would have suspected that before a few brief, sweet, happy months were over, Scodger should prove to his grief, the truth of the Shaksperian axiom that

"Women are deceivers ever,
In one thing constant never,"

that, in fact, a dark cloud would overshadow his love, and dispel those

dreams of happiness which follow in the course of true love. As Moore has truly said—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As Love's young dream."

No, there is nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream, and as Scodger wended his way to the house of his *fiancee*, in order to escort her to the train which was to convey them to Blackpool, he thought how bright all nature appeared to his artistic eyes, the trees laden with fruit, the blooming flowers giving forth their sweet perfume to the atmosphere and the merry birds caroling forth their blithesome notes as they flew swiftly along in their heavenward flight. Betsy Jemima Jane were the Christian names of Scodger's beloved one, and so well did they sound, that she was invariably called by all three, which made her sound a very important (and imposing, at least, in her own estimation) young lady indeed. Behold, then, our hero, as he sat in the third-class compartment of the L. and N. W. train, gazing, with love-beaming eyes, upon his one only love. But suddenly Scodger's bliss was interrupted by encountering the stony stare of a certain "cuffed and collared swell" whom Scodger hated, knowing, as he too well did for his inward peace of mind, that he (the "swell") was a discarded lover of the young lady who sat so innocently by the side of the unwary Scodger, and at whom he (Scodger) had the great unhappiness of seeing the "odious fellow" casting "sheep's eyes" at his adorable darling; but never of course suspecting that she would eventually blight his life by throwing him over for the sake of a fellow (as he afterwards mournfully expressed it) whose only recommendation was his good (for nothing) looks, and an amount of "cheek" sufficient to shame even a city lawyer. When the train arrived at Blackpool Scodger naturally thought (as who would not have done under the like circumstances?) that the discarded lover would betake himself about his business whatever it might be; but guess his anger and dismay when, evidently relying upon the friendship of "Auld Lang Syne," the "swell," like a spirit of evil (to Scodger at least), hovered near, and, despite the broad hints occasionally dropped by Scodger, and which plainly showed that he desired his room more than his company, he walked along with them through the various streets of the town. Scodger spoke kind words to his rival, and hoped he (his rival) would enjoy his visit; to which the rival remarked that he had no doubt he should greatly enjoy himself, and that he had not the least doubt of its being also remembered by Scodger in the days to come. They repaired in a body to a well-known refreshment room, and Scodger, having occasion to leave the room for some purpose known to himself alone, left his intended bride under the charge of his delighted rival. As though fearing some as yet unforeseen calamity, Scodger hurried back into the room; but where, oh, where was his adored one? The swell, too, where was he? Gone! groaned Scodger.

"Gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,"

and never more shall I clasp thy tender form to my poor lacerated heart again! In his agony Scodger threw himself in a paroxysm of grief upon the newly sanded floor, and although his thick head came with considerable force against the keen edge of a huge spittoon of the Yankee type, he heeded not the blood which flowed so freely from a half broken nose and a pair of darkly discoloured eyes, which gave him rather a forlorn aspect, as he writhed in misery upon the cold, unsympathetic floor. His hopes were blighted, his life and prospects ruined, and he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage as he pictured to himself his faithless one reclining upon the arm of his but too successful rival! For him the glorious sea and the merry dancing sunshine had now no charms; his life was of no further value to him, and he actually had thoughts of putting an end to his life, and so prove to her who had so basely deserted him that he had loved not wisely but too well. This death would furnish the papers with matter for the orthodox nine days' wonder, and the public—ever ready to comfort the

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sorrowful, would lament that such a promising existence had been so suddenly cut short. From place to place he wandered, like a disconsolate hen in search of her lost chickens, thoughts of vengeance filling his heart, and puckering up his face until it looked like the distorted countenance of some cold-blooded murderer. He evidently meant mischief; and there could be no question that if Scodger had the fate—we can scarcely call it good fortune—to meet his rival, he would do his best to give him as good a thrashing as ever was given by any lover to any man actuated by the promptings of the green-eyed monster jealousy. Night was fast approaching, and the sore-footed, and weary-hearted Scodger was on the point of returning to his temporary lodging in despair of hearing ought of the two runaways, when, just as he was about two streets from the house where he intended to pass the night, he saw the couple approaching, arm in arm, apparently unconscious that an enemy lurked in their path. Causes, as we know, always produce effects, so that when Scodger and his rival were engaged in a deadly encounter, whilst an hysterical female shrieked lustily for help, much surprise cannot be felt by our readers. A crowd was soon gathered around the two fighters, engaged in a fierce struggle of might against right. Two policemen attracted by the unusual scene interfered, and, upon the representation of Scodger's rival, he (Scodger) was borne off to the nearest lock-up, despite his most piteous protestation against the charge of unprovoked assault and battery which the other had preferred against him. Scodger, enflamed, collarless, and hatless, was kept in durance vile until he was released, which was done upon payment of a fine which generally follows in the wake of those who have "drunk and disorderly" attached to their names. When Scodger went to church the following Sunday he had the gratification (?) of hearing the name of the girl who had so shamefully jilted him, and her fresh young man, "called out" for the first time, and although Scodger received a cordial invitation to be present at the wedding, he surlily refused to go, and when he received (per post) a respectable lump of bride's-cake, he ate it not, but gave it to his little dog, which, judging by the avidity with which it swallowed the dainty morsel, did not share the bitter feelings entertained by his master against the sender. When questioned as to the cause of her heartless desertion of Scodger, the faithless creature declared that she thought Scodger, as a young man, was rather too "slow" for her, and so, as he had not enough of "go" in him to suit her advanced notions, she had set the example by "going" first. Scodger stayed at home, the only consoling thought which buoyed him up in this, his time of trial, being the pleasant reflection that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught," the only difficulty being, of course, to catch the right one. Scodger got over his broken heart by slow degrees, and he lived to remember his old sweetheart as one who had overshadowed the sunshine of his young life, like a dimly thought. of dream.

THE CONFERENCE OF LIBRARIANS.

IT is to be wished when Alderman Baker spoke of the "Employment of Women in Libraries," he had spoken of the long hours they are employed or some one had suggested it; he was on the borders of it when he said, "the younger boys considered it a grievance to have to remain after ordinary office hours," 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. This is one of the great objections to employment in Free Libraries, whether for men or women; and might be easily remedied by the employment of one or two extra assistants, as the Library might require, if even evening assistants were alone employed from 6 to 9 p.m., to enable one portion of the staff to leave, say, every other evening, at 6 o'clock.

Take the ordinary routine as at present existing. Each assistant goes on duty at 8-30 or 9 a.m., has an hour for dinner, and an hour for tea. Owing to the distance from home, these brought meals are generally taken on the premises, the wages given to the majority of assistants not affording them to pay for one outside; they then remain on duty until 9 o'clock p.m. each assistant is allowed one half-holiday per week. These hours, irrespective of the half day holiday, in lieu of the Saturday half holiday, we submit, are too many; they can scarcely get home before 9-30 or 10 o'clock, say an hour for supper and chat, bed at 11 o'clock p.m., up again at 7 o'clock a.m., and they have eight or nine hours per day for sleep and recreation; is it enough? It is no answer, that there are more applicants than vacancies, and if they do not like it they can leave it; or, "They are regular in their attendance, attentive to their duties, uniformly courteous to borrowers, and contented with their employment. Changes are few, and if a vacancy does occur, there are many applicants for it." The question is the

Health of those employed, men or women; much of the Librarian's fever, loss of appetite, languor, nervousness, sick headaches, pallid looks, and weak eyesight, arise from the daily hours being too long; this might be proved by a return of the absent assistants for one year, not from sickness or apparent serious indisposition, but from the causes named. Many persons enter Libraries as an assistant under the idea of it being an easy, clean, and agreeable occupation, especially delicate persons, with the germs of diseases in them. This is also the general view of the outside public; let them be undeceived. To be a successful or healthful librarian or assistant needs a sound, strong constitution, a love of tedious, monotonous, hard work, and no objection to dirt, in the shape of illimitable dust. It is about the best service out for killing a love of Reading or Books, the constant running about, up ladders, cataloguing, pasting, hunting after lost or misplaced copies of books, for the pleasure of others, until you have no taste for reading yourself; let any who is vulgarly and erroneously termed a "Book-worm," the most rabid, try it for a month, and then let him record his readings and opinions for that period. We aver, without being able to be contradicted, that the assistants in Public Free Libraries are over-houred, over-worked, and under-paid, and have to bring a power of endurance to bear which is not known or appreciated by the public. Doubtless, this will be discussed at some future meeting, and a remedy applied, the sooner the better, for the benefit of both assistants and the Public.

WEDNESDAY.

The Conference of Librarians was continued on Wednesday, the 24th September, at the Town Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Alderman Baker, when Mr. W. E. A. Axon read an interesting paper on the "Libraries of Lancashire and Cheshire." Mr. Nodal followed with a paper on "Special and Private Collections of Books." Mr. Crossley, Hon. Lib. of Chetham Library, then addressed the meeting on the same subject, and said: "That he had, for the last fifty years, been an ardent collector, at a period when it was not so difficult to obtain certain books and tracts as it was at the present day. He supposed that all those collections, by force of gravitation, gravitated to Public Libraries at last. It was very difficult to predict the future of Libraries. He could not speak with any confidence at present with regard to what the fate of his own collections would be." We would respectfully suggest to this critical Bibliolist that, during his life, he should have them arranged and presented to the Chetham Library, to be kept separate, and known for all Time as the "Crossley Library;" the alliteration of the "Chetham and Crossley Libraries" would sound, and be, well.

Mr. E. Barnish, of the Co-operative Library, Rochdale, read a paper on "Co-operative Society Libraries in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Durham," stating, "There were in the three counties thirty-six societies having Libraries, there being 127,616 vols., 21,483 borrowers, at a total cost of £9,231 a year." After Mr. Thomas, one of the secretaries, had read a paper, communicated by Mr. C. Walford, on "Fires in Libraries, considered practically and historically," Mr. Cotgreave, Wednesday, Mr. Parr, London, and Mr. Wright, Plymouth, described inventions and improvements in indicators.

At four o'clock the members of the Association, on the invitation of the Salford Museum and Libraries Committee, went to the Peel Park Museum and Library, and were entertained by the Mayor of Salford, Mr. Alderman Robinson. Would that the Association had met here next year, instead of this, and then the forthcoming Mayor of Manchester would have done them the same honour and courtesy—as Mayor.

THURSDAY.

The Library Association again met on Thursday, 25th September, at the Town Hall; Mr. Clark, Edinburgh, presided; when Principal Greenwood, of Owens College, exhibited the Duke of Devonshire's Catalogue of the Library at Chatsworth, which had been ten years in preparation. A discussion then took place on the next question of "Cataloguing Rules," then on "Size Notation" of Books. The report was read of a committee appointed "to consider whether the present size notation of books is entirely satisfactory, and if not to suggest any more desirable notation." How best to describe the sizes of books in their catalogues had long troubled librarians, and many suggestions had been made to meet the difficulty. . . . The chairman's casting vote does not recommend Mr. Madeley's, of Warrington Free Library, scheme (it being to record the size of books by inches—the most sensible plan), but recommend that Mr. Wheatley's, of the Royal Medical Society, who suggested that a system should be adopted comprising the usual terms hitherto employed, of folio, 4to, 8vo,

COUPON DINNERS. Four Courses, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 6d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

12mo, &c., and some of their sub-varieties as imperial, royal, &c. For early-printed, rare, or curious books, minute details with regard to size might be added," which leaves the question of size notation where it was, in the same muddle, for how many readers know the size of books by the old notation? whereas everyone, in and out of the trade, would understand the size by inches. As the old notation is to be continued, and if time and space be aimed at, why not say fo., qto., oc., mo.? Next came a paper on "A General Catalogue of English Literature," which Mr. Cowell, Liverpool, truly said that, at the rate of 60,000 a year from the British Museum alone, would indeed be like receiving a "White Elephant." Mr. Axon then introduced the subject of "The Sunday Opening of Libraries," which was much discussed. Mr. Mullins, of Birmingham, proposed an amendment, not as he explained, out of any antagonism to Sunday opening, with regard to which he expressed no opinion. He contended that it was undesirable that they as an Association should be asked to pronounce an opinion upon vexatious questions like that of Sunday opening. Thus the one who was, or should be, the best able to speak on the point—the Birmingham Library being the first to introduce Sunday opening—spoke as

"One of those — neuters who, in their middle way of steering, Is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring."

Mr. John Plant, Salford, pointed out that "Whenever this question of Sunday opening was raised strong feelings were excited. It was all very well for independent persons to express their opinions on these matters, but public Librarians, who were in the position of servants, could not pronounce an opinion without it being considerably questioned, and without its, perhaps, giving offence. He further appealed to the members not to injure the reputation of the Association by taking a side upon a question of this kind." Mr. Bailey, Salford, agreed with Mr. Plant that it was hardly proper for gentlemen in the position of Librarians to be called on to express an opinion on this question. Mr. Nicholson, London, asked who were to express opinions upon "vexatious questions" affecting Libraries, if not the men who, in all England, were most capable of giving that opinion?

Mr. Cowell, Liverpool, Mr. Wright, Plymouth, and Mr. Overall, London, supported the amendment, which had been proposed by Mr. Heywood, without expressing any opinion on the general question. Mr. Plant never spoke truer words in his life and more to the point; Public Librarians can not pronounce on the question; if the Public want the opening of Libraries, Museums, Picture Galleries, &c., on a Sunday, it is they who should agitate, and not Librarians. It is all very well for Mr. Axon, as a member of the committee of the Sunday Opening Association, and others, to propose and agitate the matter; but the Librarians and assistants are the sufferers. The whole gist of the matter, as regards the latter, is not an extra half-day holiday in the week-day for the Sunday, or a fear of breaking the Sabbath, but one of wages. Do the assistants get paid, as an artisan would, double pay for the half-day on Sunday, without any evil influence on their advance of salary when due? We believe not: not even single pay; then, in the minds of those most concerned—the assistants—an injustice is done to them, which no holiday in the week can repay. This, Mr. Mullins and all Chiefs of Libraries, know, hence their hesitancy and neutrality. If the Libraries Committee do not, the assistants dare not, say "No," and are compelled to say, faintly, "Yes" to the question of Sunday duty. The question arises, are the persons in favour of Sunday opening willing to pay the extra wages for the assistants, in proportion to the number using the Library?

After some miscellaneous business, the association was concluded. The next annual meeting will be held at Edinburgh.

LIVELY SCENE AT FLIXTON. REJECTION OF A LOCAL BOARD.

[BY A FLIXTONIAN.]

THE other evening a meeting was held in the Church Schoolroom for the purpose of taking into consideration the advisability of joining Urmston, &c., by a Local Board. Most of the big guns of Flixton and Urmston were present. Mr. J. B. Johnson, being in the Isle of Man, was unavoidably absent. There were present: Mr. Whittaker, churchwarden; Captain Stott, guardian (angel) for Flixton; Mr. Beart, guardian for Urmston; Mr. Wood, overseer, Flixton; Messrs. J. Stott, Watts, Davies, Hunter, Wyrill, J. Bailey, W. J.—, famous in local history as the opponent of W. Armstrong, whose weighty arm was raised in defence of a certain boy who got into trouble over a certain little matter which

mostly affected himself; Ridehalgh, Garner, Taylor, Robertson, England, Walker, Bout, H. Phillipps, Stewell, and others. Considering the whole of "England" was present, it is almost superfluous to observe that there was a very large attendance of ratepayers. On the motion of Mr. Davies, Mr. Whittaker was appointed chairman.

The CHAIRMAN then gave an appropriate address, and concluded by moving—"It is expedient that Urmston, with Flixton, and such other districts and places as it shall be deemed advisable, when joined or connected therewith, should be constituted a local government district."

Mr. DAVIES suggested that Captain Stott should give his opinion on the matter in question.

Captain Stott did so, to the evident discomposure of Mr. BAILEY, who called forth in a most excited tone of voice: As a member of the authority, Captain Stott has no right to speak.

CAPTAIN STOTT (blandly): But I was asked to speak.

A RATEPAYER: Mr. Bailey has no right to interrupt; he is not a ratepayer.

Mr. BAILEY (jumping upon his feet, and extending his fist in the direction of the last speaker's nasal organ): You're a —; I am a ratepayer; I have six votes in Flixton.

CAPTAIN STOTT said that it was simply the ignorance of people when they go in for a Local Board; it must be ignorance when a man (like Mr. Ridehalgh) tells you that it will not cost you any more.

Mr. RIDEHALGH (scowling at the gallant captain): That is questionable.

CAPTAIN STOTT (doggedly): I have it down that you said it would not cost more.

Mr. RIDEHALGH (who evidently wanted to get rid of his disagreeable antagonist): I am not going to sit down to be called ignorant, nor stand up to be called a fool.

CAPTAIN STOTT (smiling benignly upon his respected friend): I will put it in any other form—just as you like it; it makes no difference to me, you know.

Mr. RIDEHALGH: I am not going to be cantankerous, but I am not going to accept that.

Mr. WATTS (ironically): The word "ignorance" only means that you don't want to know.

Mr. RIDEHALGH (shaking his fist vehemently in the direction of Mr. Watts): I can tell you you are ignorant for that matter; you know nothing at all beyond your nose end; and as for sense—bah! you haven't got so much as would stock one of your own dandy-hens!

Mr. WATTS (sneeringly): Perhaps I may be.

CAPTAIN STOTT (determinedly): I say it will be the worst day for Flixton and Urmston, with an assessment of under £17,000, if the demand to be made into a Local Board carries.

Mr. RIDEHALGH: I can only say—

Mr. WATTS: Mr. Ridehalgh is not entitled to speak twice upon the same subject; I beg to call him to order. [He does so, and is himself "called" in terms more forcible than polite.]

Mr. RIDEHALGH: We have not only a highway board now, but a sanitary authority.

Mr. WATTS (raising his already excited voice even higher): If every statement is to be answered—

Mr. RIDEHALGH: If I am not in order, I will sit down on the ruling of the chairman.

To the dismay of poor Ridehalgh, the stern inflexible chairman "ruled him out."

CAPTAIN STOTT: I tell Mr. Bailey again that the assessment for the drainage district is under £17,000.

Mr. RIDEHALGH: You're a —; I do not believe it. The whole gist of the matter lay in a nutshell. If the sanitary authority got those urban powers, they would not have the representative power.

After some further discussion, in which personalities were freely indulged, the motion was put to the meeting, the result being—for a Local Board, 10; against, 28; majority against, 18.

Mr. Ridehalgh, seeing his utter defeat, rushed from the room, to the great joy of all, who had been forced to endure his cantankerous ways for the space of two hours.

When thinking of matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond good humour for the moment, remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner for life. Virtue blooms fairest in the shade, often.

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TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 3, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	Oct. 3.—Oh, Rest in the Lord.
Saturday,	„ 4.—Off in the Stilly Night.
Sunday,	„ 5.—Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.
Monday,	„ 6.—Coming Through the Rye.
Tuesday,	„ 7.—Farewell Manchester.
Wednesday,	„ 8.—Ye Banks and Braes.
Thursday,	„ 9.—Caller Herrin.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—*Rip Van Winkle*.
„ Monday.—*Romulus and Oclus* Company.
Prince's Theatre.—*Les Cloches de Corneville*.
„ Monday.—Carl Rosa Opera Company.
Queen's Theatre.—*New Babylon*.
Free Trade Hall.—Sam Hague's Minstrels.
„ Thursday.—Mr. Archibald Forbes on the Zulu War.
Royal Institution.—Exhibition of Paintings.
„ Monday.—Readings by Mrs. Charles Calvert.
White's, Bridge Street.—Exhibition of Water Colours.
Belle Vue.—Zoological Gardens. The Afghan War.
Circus, Chopstow Street.—Cooke's Equestrian Troupe. Zulu War.
Gaiety.—Variety Entertainment.
People's Concert Hall.—Variety Entertainment.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

SUCH of our readers who visited the Gaiety in Peter Street, whilst Mdlle. Sylvia was the centre of attraction, could not fail to be struck with the versatility of her histrionic powers. We have this week witnessed a display of those powers, which has a little astonished us. Her personification of Robert Emmett, the Irish patriot, at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, is one of those performances everyone should see. Her declamation is almost faultless, and her delivery of Robert Emmett's last speech is a piece of elocution which has surprised us. By-the-bye, Mr. Pilgrim, the author of the drama, has made a slight mistake in the last tableau. They did not hang Robert Emmett, they beheaded him, and he was the last man who suffered decapitation at the hands of the British Government.

PARLIAMENT will be called together in November. Liberal members requested not to attend.

Mr. LIONEL LAWSON, half proprietor of the irrepressible *Daily Telegraph*, whose death was announced last week, was also sole proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre.

If *Crutch and Toothpick* is not brought to Manchester, our theatrical managers will be—well, mistaken men. It would be an enormous "fetch." It is about the best "light comedy" we have seen for years.

W. WHITTER,

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPERE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

"PUNCH" is a very amusing journal, no doubt, but when it goes back to its old volumes for matter, the public, having paid for it once, ought to have the repeated dose at half price; for instance:—

September 20, 1879.—"A PLIANT REBUKE.—Squire Quiverpot (who has a large family, to his eldest son): 'These are uncommonly good cigars of yours, Fred! What do they cost you?' Fred: 'Sixty shillings a hundred.' Squire Quiverpot: 'Good Heavens! what extravagance. Do you know, sir, that I never give more than threepence for a cigar?' Fred: 'And a very good price, too. By George, governor, if I had as many children to provide for as you have, I wouldn't smoke at all!'"

October 29th, 1864.—"ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Paterfamilias (who has come up on a visit to his eldest 'hope' at St. Bottlenose): 'H'm, not a bad glass of wine this, for Oxbridge, Fred. What did you give for it?' Fred (airily): 'Oh, sixty —.' Paterfamilias: 'And monstrous extravagant, too! Why, sir, do you know that I never lay down a dozen of port that costs me more than six and thirty?' Fred: 'Ah, no more should I, father, if I'd nine children to provide for as you have!'"

THE inimitable Tracey has called to inform us that he is about to issue another pamphlet for the sole edification of the aristocracy in the first instance, and afterwards for the delectation of the public, entitled, "Tracey's Death and Burial." It will be embellished by litho-photographs of his portrait and of the immortal wreath. No doubt its reception will be worthy of the occasion. In the view of a coming election the pamphlet will be an immensity. This information is entirely exclusive to the *Jackdaw*.

THE letter sent to the Earl of Pembroke by Mr. C. F. Barker, of Natal, and forwarded by his lordship to the Aborigines Protection Society, is a very interesting study, and affords an instructive lesson in the art of war-making by unscrupulous commissioners who are backed by bellicose ministers. The peaceable and hospitable nature of Cetewayo, and the assurance given him, even whilst we were making all our preparations, "that he need not feel uneasy, as our stationing troops around him was for no purposes of war, it was only done in order to make the colonists feel secure," coupled with Cetewayo's remark, when a shell was fired across the Tugela into Zululand, "if one of my young men had fired across the Tugela, even in sport, the Colonial Government would have exacted a heavy fine," and when unoffending Zulus were fired at from the fort for shell practice, "they want to force me into a war, but my people shall not fire the first shot,"—all this only shows that the dethroned monarch, uncivilised though he be, is not the barbarous wretch recorded by the English press. Had his defence and dethronement been the effect of the abuse of power by any other nation than England, he would have been hailed in this country as a patriot of the first order, and the same press would have heartily welcomed the exile to this country, and we should have as heartily applauded the slaughter at Isandula as we now gloat over the Russian reverse at the hands of the Turcomans.

RAILWAY SMOKING.

WE have been almost inundated lately, in the correspondence columns of the dailies, with letters anent the oft-repeated question of smoking in railway carriages. Of course the old conventional arguments of pro and con have been used until they have become threadbare, and neither the public nor the railway companies have advanced one single step towards the solution of the difficulty. The non-smoking element is, as usual, prominent in its intolerance. The anti-smokers are perfectly aware that they are in an enormous minority, but at the same time occupy nine-tenths of every railway train in England, to the utter inconvenience of those whose way of thinking may happen to differ from their own. We simply contest their right to hold this position. Instead of compartments being set aside for smoking purposes (which compartments are inconveniently few), the continental plan should be adopted by our railway companies—that is, of setting apart the non-smoking compartments and leaving the rest of the train free to the lovers of the weed. Canvass any compartment you may happen to be in on a railway journey, and we venture to assert that five out of six passengers do not object to the luxury, but out of the company's respect for the whim of one unreasonable mawworm in these matters, the remaining travellers are put to the inconvenience of refraining from their favourite custom. This is so manifestly unfair that it is self-evident to all sensible readers that the sooner all the nuisance is put a stop to, the better for the searchers after truth and common sense in the columns of our dailies. Its solution is easy; why do not the railway companies adopt it?

WHAT IS HOME RULE?

THE leaders of the Irish land agitation are making history fast. Closely following the turbulent conduct of the agitators at the Catholic chapel, referred to last week, and the mass meetings held subsequently, is the shooting of a man, by the son of a land agent, just reported. Whatever result Mr. Parnell may have calculated to produce, we are far from believing that assassination was ever thought to be even a remote contingency. But such is the effect upon unlettered minds, when labouring under the influence of suppositions injuries, that abstract doctrines are eagerly credited with the essence of political wisdom, and opponents are given the option of absenteeism or assassination. It is shocking to contemplate the pass to which matters have arrived in Ireland, and the power of the priesthood, being arrayed on the side of law and order, is the only feature of hopefulness in an otherwise desperate situation. With a ruined trade,—even worse than England,—an harvest much below the average, a failure of both potatoes and corn, the slumbering opinions of peasant farmers, wedded to the soil, but having a chronic desire to be divorced from rent, have been put forward as the convictions of sane men, who have regard for the entities of life. It is by no means clear what the agitators would gain if rent were abolished throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. If we assume that the small farmers are unable to pay rent this year, the granting of an indefinite quantity of political power, vaguely termed Home Rule, would not mend matters on behalf of the farmers. They live now under laws exceptionally favourable to them, as compared with those in force both in England and Scotland, and we can only believe that Mr. Parnell and his friends have selected this peculiarly trying time for the furtherance of the idea known as Home Rule, regardless of its imperial consequences. But what is Home Rule? As an authorised statement of political desires there is none. As to the aspirations of the Nationalist party, put forth by their violent organs, it is Ireland for the Irish. But the question may at once be asked, have the Irish now any obstacles to national advancement, which can be removed by the Parliament, further than the much-vexed question of the franchise. Mr. Parnell remarked last week that so long as the number of Irish representatives at St. Stephen's could be outvoted by the remainder of the House, they had not their freedom. We may at once say that we attach as much importance to political freedom, and parliamentary control of the people, as the Irish Home Rule and Nationalist party do, but we perceive also, that the welfare of a nation far more depends upon the industry and thrift of its people, than upon a large measure of political liberty. We must not be supposed to reason against liberty, but only to call the attention of our Irish fellow-citizens to the fact that whilst these agitators are going about the country sowing discontent, and provoking the people, until armed resistance to authority is likely to take place, and landlords have been threatened their lives, if Ireland was cut adrift to-morrow, and thrown upon her own resources, there is no doubt that national bankruptcy would immediately take place. Ireland does not suffer materially, or more than other parts of the empire, from political neglect. She does suffer from neglect, and very largely too; but it is the neglect of her own children. The wealth and talent of the nation, amongst her lower and middle classes, voluntarily desert their native country for England, America, and Australia, leaving the most helpless part of the people behind. The upper classes leave the country on pleasure trips, or still worse, reside permanently away from home, largely because violent measure are the most approved methods of settling disputes with the landlord. The Home Rulers and Nationalist party are the greatest enemies that Ireland possesses, because they cling to names instead of putting forth measures. They ask for Home Rule, but they do not tell us of its meaning. We are left to guess what its meaning is, and probably guess wrongly, because we see in it merely a desire to throw off allegiance to England altogether. Thus the people of Ireland are kept in a ferment of agitation instead of labouring for the production of those good things so plentifully found in the soil of Ireland. The truth is, the Home Rulers are at least a generation behind their time; they are clamouring for liberties which, to the English mind, are nothing less than licence, and though Mr. Parnell is of the bluest of blue blood—the very pink and essence of an aristocrat—he appears to think that the undoubted ills of Ireland are remediable by parliamentary enactment, while the consensus of English public opinion is decidedly that such ills can only be removed by patience, labour, and the establishment of confidence amongst men of capital. Why should a crusade against rent be just now started in Ireland, when appeals to the landlords of England and Scotland have attained the same end in a manner

entirely free from objection? Are the landlords of Ireland worse than the English and Scotch? We think, without evidence to the contrary, that proposition is absurd; then why start this crusade among a people known to entertain chronic opinions against the rights of landlords. The conduct of the priesthood at this juncture is beyond all praise. Known to have their hearts full of desire for the benefit of the people of Ireland, they are standing aloof from this agitation, and counselling moderation. It is objected that moderation has been tried for long enough, and has failed. Those who assert this, however, ignore the facts of recent history. Has not two Land Acts been passed (counting the Bright clauses as one) and the Disestablishment of the Church Act, all in answer to the demands of public opinion, as also the Sunday Closing Act. It is quite true that other measures have been proposed which the Liberal party in Parliament supported, and which were thrown out by the Tory party, but surely that truth is not more painful to the Irish Home Rulers than it is to the English Liberals. The same truth is good of many of the aspirations of the English and Scotch peoples; but if we are to remain a united nation we shall have to abide by these disappointments until we can remedy them, and not agitate for separate Parliaments in the separate capital cities, attempting to deal with the separate interests, of three separate peoples, in the style of three grand corporate bodies. The example of Austria ought to be enough to satisfy every section of the people that such an arrangement is not workable, and would undoubtedly lead to either a despotism or internecine war. If this plan of regulating the affairs of the kingdom be not the plan of the Home Rulers, we do not know what is, and though the present agitation is intended to further Home Rule, we are left as much as ever in doubt as to its full meaning. Mr. Parnell is sowing the whirlwind, let us hope that we shall not reap the storm. To excite an ignorant people is certainly to play with fire, and is akin to applying a lucifer to a barrel of gunpowder.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE VALUE OF ENGLISH LAND.

THE following letter appeared in a recent number of the *Nation*, one of the most influential weekly journals in the United States:—

"In your issue of July 24th you quote Mr. Bright as saying in Parliament, in the debate which led to the appointment of a commission to investigate the causes and remedy for the agricultural depression in England: 'It would increase the price of land all over the country if you would abolish all ancient and stupid and mischievous legislation by which it is embarrassed in every step you take in dealing with land.' In the same discussion Mr. Chaplin said: 'The least price at which American food, including cost of freight and transport, can be supplied there (in England), with profit to the importer,' will in future control the price of food. This last proposition, under a continuance of free trade, is self-evident; but how the price of the land which is to produce this cheaper food is to advance, when it is now more than five times the price of our land which competes with it, is not so evident. It has long been a favourite idea of mine that the price of British land must decline, and that decline will begin, if it has not already begun, when the 'stupid and mischievous' legislation by which dealing in land is there embarrassed is abolished—i.e., when the ownership of land ceases to be the basis of titles, of social position, and political preferment. When English land can be dealt in with the same facility as can our land, it will be chiefly bought and held at prices on which a fair return for the investment can be made. There are many people and not many acres (as compared with America) in England, and it was but natural that ownership of land should come to be the foundation of the aristocracy when there was but little food importation. But what folly, in this age of cheap transportation, for a tenant farmer to pay £5 per acre per year for land on which to raise potatoes near Edinburgh (as I have seen), when equally good land could be bought here in fee for twice the yearly rent, say 50 dollars per acre, on which potatoes can be grown and shipped to Edinburgh at perhaps no greater cost, counting fertilisers, tithes, &c., than is required to grow them on the Scotch land. That land, estimated by their rule, was worth thirty times its yearly rent, or say \$750 per acre. But this is an extreme case. The average rent of land in England in 1851, when it was cheaper than now, was, according to Mr. Caird, about \$6.70c. per acre, making it worth at that time, on the average say \$200 per acre, or probably more than eight times the average of equally good land with us. If we bring into the estimate those favoured individuals who are raising immense

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herds of cattle and sheep on the public domain, without a dollar invested in land, the disproportion will be still greater. Present transportation facilities render such relative valuation artificial, and contrary to sound economic law. It is, therefore, only a temporary state of things, which makes it expedient for the present few British landowners to receive—say one and one-half per cent revenue from their lands, and about as much more in social position and political preferment. When a vast estate enables an English gentleman to get his younger sons appointed to civil, ecclesiastical, military, and naval positions for life, with better salaries than are paid for the same service in any other country, he can afford, from a business standpoint, to accept a low rent for his land. When will the British landowner cease to reap these traditional advantages? When he finds that he can't afford to eat his own beef. He can't now; nor his butter, nor cheese, nor indeed scarcely any staple food, except milk, and cream will soon be an exportable article; but it will take him several years to realise it fully. The American dairyman, herdsman, and grain growers are working a great revolution in England, not only in the price of food and land, but social and political. The Blue Book which holds this report of the Royal Commission will, if I mistake not, be gloomy reading for the British landowner, and encouraging for the American; for the same causes which are at work to bring English land down in price at a rapid rate, will bring ours up slowly, because we have so much, and because, as a people, we have none of the English land sentiment and tradition. One may almost say that with us certain political and social disadvantages attach to owning land; they certainly do to working it. In England landowners make the laws—and good ones they are, as a rule; here lawyers make them. English tenant farmers, many of whom are now losing money and but few saving, will soon, I believe, emigrate here in large numbers, and will be a valuable acquisition to our population. Conclusion: Mr. Bright had best sell his land now.

"T. B. B."

"Newburgh, N.Y., August, 1879."

This letter writer deceives himself, and, by specious reasoning, would deceive others also. The writer is reckoning up the effect of the food importations into England, and argues accordingly. But though the price of land may decline, it is evident the price must always hold a relatively high value, because, placed under the same legal conditions as the foreigner, the native producer will always be able to sell as cheaply; therefore, though the actual price of land, as a food-producing agent, may decline, its relative value will still be at least in the same proportion to other possessions as it is now. Then, again, this Scotchman counts up the value of land by what can be raised as food, potatoes, &c., but all the people of this country know that farm lands are the least valuable, and town lands the most valuable. The letter also contains another cardinal error—that of assuming the possession of vast acres to be the present basis of titles and honours. Had he said that was once so he had been right. But that truth is truth no longer. A glance at the list of the largest landowners will show the change which commerce has produced in England. Yet the possession of land in England is the one national aspiration to which there is no exception, and this fact, along with the mineral wealth, and the commercial importance of any land, however valueless in itself, if likely to be incorporated in a town, will certainly produce the rise in the price of land which Mr. Bright anticipates. Thus, then, whilst farm land may perhaps decline in value, even after a reform in its tenure has been made, the one great factor that will work against the fall, will be the new found freedom of dealing with it as a commercial article. Probably the letter writer has read Sir Bernard Burke's books on the decline of noble families, in which the loss of land is clearly set down as the item which tumbled down their greatness. But every reader of those books will remember that the loss of land was a consequence of either weakness or folly in every instance, and the dropping of the titles was often an act of self-abnegation. In barbarous times titles and land went together, in modern times titles without land have been the rule, and now land has very little influence except in the hands of old families.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE IRISH VOTE.

THE very serious question here indicated is pointedly referred to in the *Liverpool Argus* London letter, last week, and the arguments are certainly very strongly put.

The inevitable consequence of an approach to a balance of parties in the House of Commons would be to place the Home Rulers in the position of arbiters of the Imperial destinies. At present the Home Rulers nominally count 69 members; they could certainly muster a solid vote of 40

on any critical division, and it is certain that in the next Parliament their numbers will be increased rather than diminished. Such a combination of circumstances points to a state of things that may not be contemplated with complacency. Lord Hartington repeated at Newcastle a declaration made two years ago that the Home Rulers were counting without their host if they reckoned upon tempting the Liberal party to serve their end by the bribe of assistance in other matters. No one can doubt that Lord Hartington will be as good as his word, and that no temptation of place or power would induce him to listen to the Home Rulers. But the exigencies of party are sometimes very strong, and there are other politicians besides Lord Hartington. As sure as the state of things sketched above comes to pass, so surely shall we hear of alliances between one of the two great contending parties and the Irish contingent.

Affairs in Ireland just now are occupying the serious attention of the ministry. It would be idle to close our eyes to the fact that affairs in that country are assuming a portentous look. There, as elsewhere, trade is depressed. On the top of this has come a bad harvest, with an almost total failure of the potatoe crop. On the scene thus prepared steps Mr. Parnell, who mildly commences by suggesting to the disaffected populace that, pending other measures of amelioration, they had better not pay the rent. This is a little matter which it scarcely needed the inspiration of Mr. Parnell to suggest. In times of depression it occurs naturally to the Irish peasant, who has deeply implanted in his bosom strong doubts as to the legality of rent. The crusade which Mr. Parnell is now preaching against the landlords of Ireland will have the result of sanctifying the non-payment of rent, and will make national a movement which otherwise would have proceeded through isolated channels. It has already come to pass that in many districts the people not only refuse to pay rent themselves, but threaten to shoot anyone who is so far a traitor to his country as to propose to meet his quarterly engagements. Matters cannot go on very long in this way, nor is the inevitable end hidden from the view of the astute and able man who would revive in 1879 some of the glories of 1798. Landlords must either acquiesce in a condition of affairs which they are inclined to regard as organised fraud, or they must bring matters to an issue with their tenants. If there is anything in the way of wholesale eviction as the result of wholesale repudiation of indebtedness for rent, there will certainly be an outbreak in Ireland. This I know to be the opinion of one intimately acquainted with the existing state of things in Ireland. The Government are keeping matters as quiet as possible, but they are also preparing for events.

In this crisis it is appalling to think that the chief minister for Ireland, the man into whose hands is practically committed the government of the country, is the gentleman familiarly known as "Jimmy Lowther." The appointment of this eminent racing authority to the Irish Secretaryship was made under circumstances that drew off public attention from its importance and probable results. Mr. Lowther was made Chief Secretary in the great ministerial and European crisis marked by the retirement of Lord Carnarvon from the Colonial Office. The vacancy thus created was filled up by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and "Jimmy" stepped into the Gloucestershire baronet's shoes at the Irish Office. The public mind was at the time so engrossed with events then taking place in the East of Europe and with the suspected designs of Lord Beaconsfield that little notice was taken of the change in the Irish government. Probably if the Premier thought of the matter at all he discovered in Mr. Lowther's cheerful temperament an adequate reason for his selection. The Irish people are humorous and are always ready for a lark. "Jimmy," as his Parliamentary record showed, was a master of horse play, and moreover his peculiar talents had shown to fullest advantage in the attempt to frustrate Mr. Gladstone's beneficent efforts on behalf of justice to Ireland. So he was made Chief Secretary, and has been most useful in playing into the hands of Mr. Parnell. He has made middling sort of jokes when he ought to have been (or at least have seemed to have been) profoundly serious, and he has with careless frankness displayed astounding ignorance of some of the details of his office. Thus the English Government has been brought into contempt in Ireland, and a real grievance supplied to the agitators. It is to be hoped that we have seen the worst of Mr. Lowther in his Parliamentary pranks. But it is not comforting to think of Ireland in the present crisis committed to the care of this light-hearted and heavy-handed young gentleman.

A WIT, at a party, noticed a doctor in sober black waltzing with a young lady who was dressed in a silk of brilliant hue.—"As I live!" exclaimed the wit, "there's a blue pill dancing with a black draught!"

ARONSBURG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

JIM LEA'S.

AMONGST the numerous demolitions that have just taken place, to make way for the new Central Station now in course of construction in Windmill Street, city, the most noteworthy is that of the well-known little "pub," convivially and familiarly known as "Jim Lea's." Frequenters of the theatres and concerts in the neighbourhood of Peter Street, and all lovers of good English beer, will sadly miss this very old and much esteemed "house of call." The landlord, the house, and its customers were unique—they had no comparison, we will venture to say, with anything to be found elsewhere, and, consequently, deserve a few words of description at our hands.

The proper style and title of this singular place was the "Carpenter's Arms," but, we doubt not, scarcely fifty out of its hundreds of habitués ever knew it by any other name than that which heads this article. The building had once been a miller's house, attached to a windmill which once stood adjoining; hence the name of the street which formed one part of its site. During the making of Windmill Street it has evidently been found necessary to considerably reduce the level of that part of the land, as shown by the fact that what was once the front door to the miller's house might be seen in the wall about midway between the roof and the road, and the rooms used for the business of Jim Lea were originally the basement or cellars of the miller's dwelling. From the upper windows the inmates once viewed the famous, or rather infamous massacre known as "Peterloo," and many of the injured found succour within, whilst some, it is known, there died of their wounds. Taken altogether, the exterior presented none of those attractions to the thirsty, in the way of plate glass, flaring lamps, and French polish, which are usually so prominent in houses devoted to the "public line." Here was only a rough brick structure, without the slightest pretensions to architectural style whatever, with its front door high up in the wall, where one usually expects to find the bedroom windows, and its bar-parlour suspiciously like what might once have been the coal hole; and, although the outside walls were regularly whitewashed once a year, the most ardent imagination could never have regarded it as a "thing of beauty." Having descended the steps—two of them—that led to the once subterranean apartments of the jolly miller (all millers are "jolly," of course), the adventurous, and doubtless thirsty, invader would, after passing through an ancient swing door, find everything within bright, clean, and cosy, but of the most limited dimensions—the late landlord's Falstaffian figure nearly filled the little bar, and a dozen customers amply populated the snug parlour. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about "Jim Lea's" was Jim Lea himself, who was huge of bulk, rufous and ample of beard, with hair cropped so close that only sand paper or a razor could have reduced it further. This latter peculiarity drew out the small wits and subjected him to the "chaffing" remarks of those of his customers who knew him not, all of which he treated with the indifference of a stoic. It was supposed that he preferred having his hair cut off, instead of "falling off" and perhaps getting into the beer. Poor Jim, "handed in his cheeks" a few months ago, and has been spared the pain of beholding the destruction of his old home, where he or his ancestors have lived perhaps ever since beer-houses were invented, certainly over half a century. Here it should be stated that the license granted to this house was restricted to the sale of "brewed" only, and never reached so far as "distilled," nor was there ever any attempt to aim at that distinction, as it was plainly felt that the shortcomings in the amounts of rental and rateal would unquestionably be fatal to any such applications.

When Jim undertook the government of this little (re)public, its character was on a par with its appearance—rather seedy, and was then derisively nicknamed "Fiddler's Den," from the number of musicians who were in the habit of congregating there. The "new broom" soon got rid of what he considered troublesome and unprofitable customers, by a process something akin to that of the nigger stage-manager, who, feeling hurt at the demonstrativeness of his audience, which took the shape of eggs in various stages of decomposition, and vegetables more or less decayed, being thrown at the performers, came to the front and respectfully informed them that if their conduct did not improve he should be compelled to "Rise de prices, and den dey wouldn't be able to come in at all!" So with the reforming landlord, who by degrees abolished the half-penny "screws" of tobacco, and the quarts of sixpenny ale with "six out," so dear to the impecunious minstrels of that day. Soon the sterling and business-like character of the new management made itself felt, sound

wholesome beer, clean dry glasses, and smart attendance attracted a class of customers who had souls above sixpenny. The principal members of the companies at the theatres quickly found out (and it is astonishing how soon they did it) where a glass of genuine ale could be obtained. Often have we seen during the "waits" in a tedious rehearsal the now famous Henry Irving pour down his attenuated esophagus a brimming glass of "bitter," much to the comfort of the then nebulous "star." Here came, also, the old favourite of the public, Fred Everill, with his beaming face and cheery laugh; F. Barsby, full of fun, and *conte merveilleux*; Harry Thompson, him of the nose; poor Walter Montgomery, the brothers Webb, the brothers Aynsley and Furneaux Cook, the Paynes (*pere et ses fils*), George Rignold (now the darling of the American stage, and so on *et hoc genus omne*). During the early part of the day there was a continual ebb and flow of the professional customers and their friends, but in the evening an entire change took place in the style and character of the frequenters. At each interval of a concert at the Concert Hall, or Free Trade Hall, or between the acts at the theatres, there was a "rush" for beer, and the "swell" in full evening dress, from the reserved seats or stalls, might be seen eagerly competing for service with the "pitto" garbed in humble tweed. On such occasions Jim was in his element, and it was a treat to see the remarkable activity of such a ponderous man as he poured out the amber-tinted nectar like a galvanised Ganymede of eighteen stone. In the conduct of his business, J. L. was a strict disciplinarian, and ruled his subjects with a rod of iron of the most inflexible kind. He abhorred drunken men, and what he called "Jockins" (*i.e.*, young men from the country), and he had an unfailing way of getting quickly rid of both. One cause of the remarkable popularity of his house, was the fact, that it was about the only place in the neighbourhood where a gentleman could obtain refreshments without being jostled by the *demi monde*. Women were tabooed in that establishment, as were also the match-sellers, public-house beggars, conjurers, and comic singers. All is changed now. Jim sleeps "the sleep of the just," for, despite his oddities and brusqueness of manner, he was esteemed by those who really knew him as an honest and upright man. Ere these lines meet the eyes of our readers, this strange uncouth abode will, like its late tenant, be laid in the dust.

On Saturday last, a considerable number of the habitués, some of whom had been customers from twenty-five to thirty years, dropped in for the last time, and towards the final closing hour the excitement became great: speeches were made, anecdotes of the "house" related, reminiscences of the late landlord fearlessly indulged in, and finally "Auld Lang Syne" was vociferated; and with three cheers for Mrs. Lea and her family, the career of "Jim Lea's" "stopped short, never to go again."

WHAT IS IT TO BE MORAL?

[FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA LEDGER."]

GEORGE ELIOT, in her lately published work, makes some severe but well merited strictures upon the "shrunk meaning that popular or polite speech assigns to morality and morals." She illustrates her point by a conversation between Theophrastus Such and a certain Melissa, who is full of compassion towards Sir Gavial Mantrap, for having failed in large speculations concerning unknown mines, by which he has cheated many persons of humble means, who have trusted in him, out of their slender savings, and who is now reduced to a comparatively obscure life on his wife's settlement of one or two hundred thousand in the consols. Melissa praises him as a *thoroughly moral man*, and, when pressed for a definition, says, "Oh, I suppose everyone means the same by that. Sir Gavial is an excellent family man, quite blameless there, and so charitable round his place at Tip Top." The author thinks that this narrow meaning of *moral* is by no means confined to women like Melissa, and says: "I find even respectable historians of our own and of foreign countries, after showing that a king was treacherous, rapacious, and ready to sanction gross breaches in the administration of justice, and by praising him for his pure moral character, by which one must suppose them to mean that he was not lewd or debauched."

If we turn to the standard dictionaries for definitions of the words, we find *morality* to be "the doctrine of human or social duty;" *morals* to be "the practice of the duties of life." Such, also, is the nominal meaning that most persons, when asked, would concede to them, yet its actual force is terribly weakened and its weight sadly diminished by the ordinary daily use made of the terms. Some of the most important of

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our social duties are included in this estimate, but many others are entirely left out. For instance, a common thief, or drunkard, or sensualist is stigmatised, and rightly, as an "immoral" man. He certainly outrages some of the plainest duties of social life. But what is said of him who, preserving a decent exterior, living amicably in domestic relations, and perhaps shining in society, is yet cruel and oppressive to his dependents or dishonourable in his dealings; who recklessly squanders the small earnings of the poor, or grows rich by selling an inferior article for a good one? In polite society he is not held up as infamous, he is not pointed at with the finger of scorn, nor even shunned as an improper character. He is, perhaps, spoken of as a little sharp in trade, but all unite in calling him a perfectly "moral" man. So the woman who wastes the energies which justly belong to her family in pursuing a round of fashionable excitement, or who launches her husband into ruin by reckless extravagance, or neglects the moral training of her children, or in any other way violates the plain duties that her position demands, is perhaps mildly censured for her shortcomings; but so long as she is faithful to her marriage vows, and indulges in no open vice, no one dreams of impeaching her morality.

By what right we call people thoroughly moral who are every day, through greed of gain or love of pleasure, injuring their fellow-creatures, and violating their social obligations, it would be difficult to say. It is true that words frequently change their meaning, and come gradually to convey something more or less or different from their original signification, without any special harm resulting. But, then, some other word must simultaneously grow into use to preserve the old idea. No grand ideal can be suffered to die out of mind for the lack of a suitable form of expression, without inflicting irrevocable injury. No equivalent for the word *morality*, in its true sense, is on our lips. No other expression conveys the full idea which it is intended to contain. If, then, we strip it of half, or more than half its meaning, we have degraded our ideal, and gone far towards lowering the standard of individual character, and weakening the foundations of public prosperity. It cannot be wondered at that the young, seeing that men and women are considered "perfectly moral" whose daily life is spent in selfish disregard of others, or whose money is earned by indirect falsehood or trickery, should learn to regard these grave crimes against social welfare as slight and unimportant matters, hardly coming within the range of social sins or deserving of any penalty or disgrace.

It is not so trifling a matter as some may suppose to undermine so staunch and wholesome a word as morality. It unsettles the public conscience, loosens the bonds of duty, and saps the whole system of social welfare. Let us fling to the winds the false and sentimental notion that protects dishonour, treachery, meanness or falsehood from the charge of immorality—that salves over unfair action, selfish indulgence, and inferior achievement—that creates a poorer and lower estimate of our obligations to our fellow-men. Let us remember that morality comprises not a part, but the whole of our social duty, and that, so far from degenerating in significance, it should be ever rising into greater richness of meaning, as increasing intelligence and sympathy reveal new and higher methods of securing the general welfare. As our authoress well says: "Let our habitual talk give morals their full meaning, as the conduct which in every human relation would follow from the fullest knowledge and the fullest sympathy; a meaning perpetually corrected and enriched by a more thorough appreciation of dependence in things, and a finer sensibility to both physical and spiritual fact."

EDITORS.

IT has just occurred to me to entreat a favour of you before I close my letter. When, in your precepts to youth, you arrive at the chapter and age which treats of the choice of a profession, I implore you to insert something to this effect: "If your vocation leads you to be a publisher or editor of any work, moral, political, or historical, it matters not which, do not consider yourself at liberty to mutilate an author without his previous knowledge, and above all, one who is tenacious of the inviolability of his text more from conscience than self-love. If you mutilate him on your own responsibility, which is tolerably bold, do not believe that you are permitted to substitute a fictitious member of your own construction for the living one you have lopped off; and be cautious lest, without being aware of it, you replace an arm of flesh by a wooden leg. But break up all your presses rather than make him say, under the seal of his own signature, the contrary of what he has written, thought, or felt. To do this is an offence almost amounting to a moral crime."—*Lally-Tolendal to M. Guizot—1811.*

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ANA.

"Where the Deuce have you found all this Nonsense?" said Cardinal d'Este to Ariosto, on presenting his *Orlando Furioso*.

"Be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."—*Shakspeare.*

- (4.) "Time turns the old days to derision,
Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage, and death, and division
Make barren our lives."

Who is the author of this?

Q.

I never saw a great hulking fellow yet that was not impressed with the greatness of his stature; every inch after five feet six takes a foot off a man's intellectual standard.—*Tony Butler.*

It is a very curious fact in the history of Shakspeare, that he has not known to have written a single line in praise of any contemporary poet.—*Lewis.*

A vote for Mr. J. T. Kay. We talk of "killing time;" we deceive ourselves, time in this world, at least, is immortal; and he who kills but a moment, kills just so much of himself. It were better to spend our days in the grave, than thus to mispend them above ground. The novel-reader, in this sense, is an opium-eater.—*De Quincey.*

- (5.) "This is the moral of all human tales:
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past:
First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last."

I wish to know the author of these lines.

R.

PRINCE.—Our importation of this Foreign title and custom is a nuisance, as all our many Princes will perpetuate and multiply Princes, instead of letting themselves and their children fall into the ordinary ranks of society. They'll all want incomes, too, out of the Nation's funds, and will foster our already over-great flunkysism.—*Life Records of Chaucer, Soc. VII.*

"Alas, how easily type goes wrong!
A copy foul, with a blot too strong,
And there follows misprints, then conjectures vain;
And the text is never at rest again."

Whose is this admirable parody on Macdonald?

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And Life is never the same again."

?

IMAGES IN THE CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to point out to visitors from distant and pagan lands that, although far from their country and their gods, in Manchester they may worship within the pale of the Established Church, as there are within the pale or rail of the Holy Communion of St. John's Church several wooden gods, one woman angel, and a wooden figure wearing a slouched hat, which I think represents the Goddess of another Christian Church, which is built as the inscription underneath the image of St. Peter will inform them, if they can read English, if not, I should be glad to interpret for them.—Yours, CHURCH SWEEPER.

September 30th, 1879.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

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"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1878.
Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

great astonishment and delight, at the first visit you gave substantial proof of your ability. Unsolicited, I am happy to acquaint you that I can now hear with acuteness, and as well as ever I could in my life. The successful result of your thoroughly practical ability on myself prompts me to recommend you to all who are suffering from Deafness, and I shall only be too glad to give you the opportunity of referring any of your patients for my personal opinion.—Yours ever thankfully,
JOHN HOPWOOD.

"Mr. Jas. DENTON."

"The Station, Pennistone, near Sheffield, Jan. 26th, 1879.

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"To Mr. Denton."

"Yours gratefully,

"ARTHUR WARREN.

"Mr. Denton.

"Shaw, near Oldham, January 25th, 1878."

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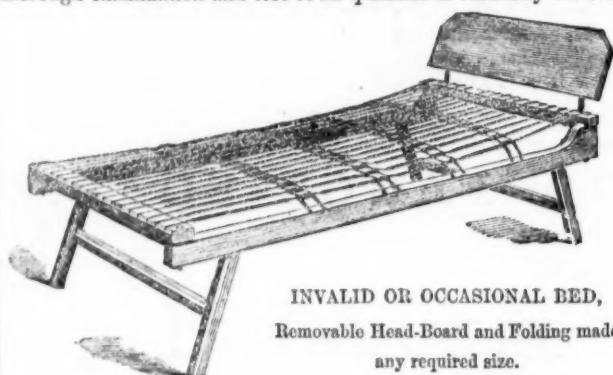
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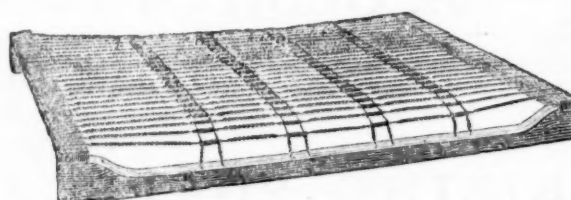
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